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THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA

Quebec: End of the French Dream

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Issue No. 8: The Storming of India. Challenged by the French, harried by ambitious Indian rulers, the British struck – and seized Bengal, the key to Empire in the East.

Issue No. 9: Road to Rebellion. England's determination to keep a tight control over her American colonists drives them to demand reforms – and finally to rise in armed revolt.

CONTENTS

169. The Conquest of Canada
War in Europe threw the British and French Empires in America at each others' throats. The outcome gave Great Britain a vast new dominion

182. Picture Essay: Quebec
Contemporary views of General Wolfe's despairing – and brilliant – gamble which won for Britain the key to victory in Canada.

186. The Growing Pains of a Young Country
New immigrants and the established French population turn on an inadequate government in two short-lived and tragic revolts.

188. No Quarter for Rebellion
Papineau's revolt in French-speaking Lower Canada is rapidly crushed by the overwhelming British forces sent to crush him.

196. A Painful Loosening of Old Bonds
The report by Lord Durham in 1837 sets Canada on a new and sounder course to nationhood.

Cover: In 1745, a British assault led to the capture of Louisbourg, the imposing French bastion which guarded the entrance to the St. Lawrence River.

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These tokens are valuable see inside back cover.

The DEATH of GENERAL WOLFE at QUEBEC, with the HEADS of the Principal Officers that attended him on that Expedition.

eneral Monkton.

Admiral Sanders

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA

olonel Barre.

Lord Lounsend

The story of the northern reaches of America encompasses vast sweeps of time and space. From Tudor days, French and British vied for Canada's fish, fur and forests. Then in 1670 the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company made possible an English-speaking world spanning all North America. But dividing Hudson Bay from the Thirteen Colonies lay a rival Empire, New France. For nearly a hundred years, wars flickered across these huge expanses, pale reflections of European conflicts. Then in 1759 Wolfe's victory in death at Quebec (above) destroyed the French dream and breathed life into British Canada: a lusty infant, but one that faced another century of painful growth.

L. WILLIAMSON.

CAP.T HARVEY SMYT

Aid de Camp to GEN.L WOLFE.

The portraits round the edge of this page show General Wolfe's military commanders during the siege of Quebec.

London, printed for R. Sayer, Print-seller, No. 53 Fleet Street as the Act directs.

By Jim Hicks

The Frenchman lifted a chunk of American earth on his sword, cleared his throat, and began his long, tortuously worded, and amazingly sweeping pronouncement to the little group near him.

He claimed for Louis XIV not only the land on which he stood, at the juncture of two of the Great Lakes, but "all other countries, lakes, tributaries, contiguous and adjacent thereto, as well discovered as to be discovered, which are bounded on the one side by the North and West Seas and on the other by the South Sea, including all its length and breadth."

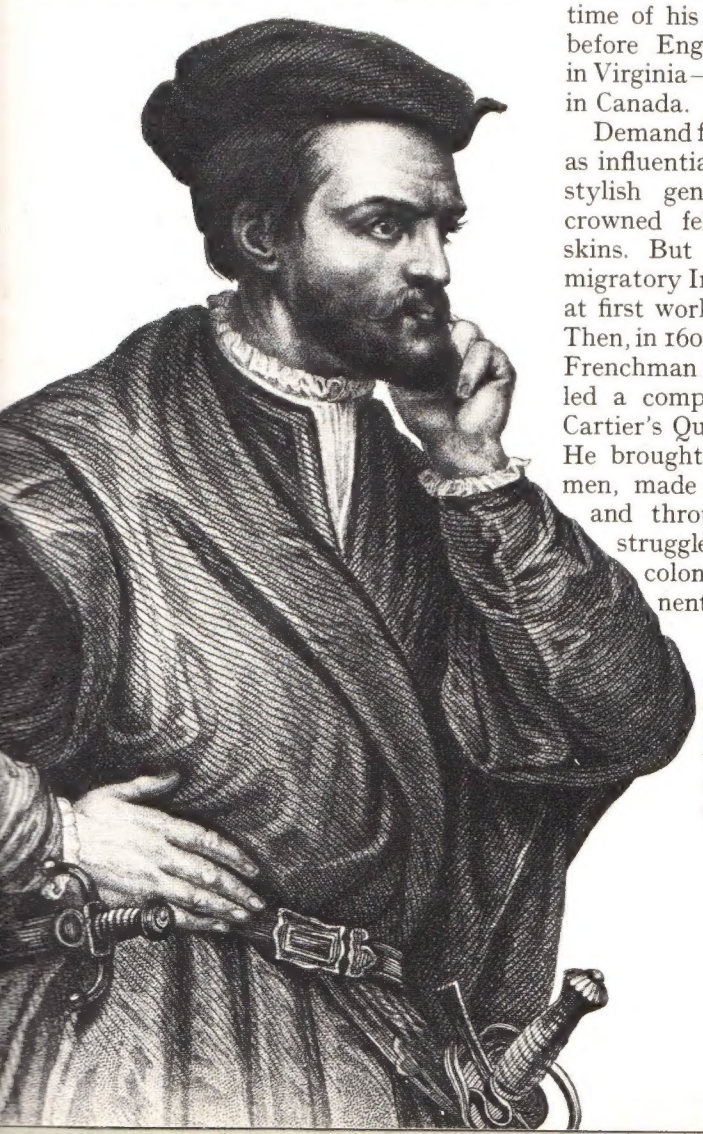
The audience of French soldiers, Jesuits, and Indians gathered there at Sault-Saint-Marie that day in June, 1671, listened respectfully as the Sieur de Lusson repeated his speech three times. It was, after all, a mouthful to recite. It would also be – thanks to the British who already occupied much of the territory he claimed – a mouthful for the French Empire to try to swallow.

It was British competition, as much as France's self-generated colonial ambitions, which had impelled these Frenchmen to the very middle of the great, wild New World where they now planted their symbols of sovereignty. The two nations had been scrambling for footholds in America for almost two centuries.

An English voyager, John Cabot, had been the first to reach "New Found Land" in 1497, but the French were not shy about exploiting what he discovered offshore: one of the world's most bountiful fisheries. An abundant supply from France of cheap salt for preserving their catches gave French fishermen an advantage. This commercial handicap nudged the British into an historically important step, however. Forced ashore to dry their harvests of cod, they established a base – the first of any European nation – on the coast of what is now Canada.

Still, it was France that most persistently probed the wonders of the new continent. In 1535, Jacques Cartier, drawn by Iroquois tales of gold, jewels and furs, sailed up the St. Lawrence River to a place the Indians called Kebec. He stayed only one winter and found neither gold nor jewels, but furs there were aplenty, and furs were enough to arouse commercial interest. Although Cartier founded no colony, there was from the time of his expedition – some 70 years before Englishmen successfully settled in Virginia – a continuing French presence in Canada.

Demand for furs grew, for Paris fashion, as influential then as now, dictated that stylish gentlemen should wear high-crowned felt hats made from beaver skins. But the supply, dependent on migratory Indians, was irregular. Traders at first worked only the coastal regions. Then, in 1608, a wise, devout and patriotic Frenchman named Samuel de Champlain led a company of fur-traders back to Cartier's Quebec and built a settlement. He brought in missionaries and craftsmen, made alliances with the Indians, and through long years of arduous struggle managed to put both his colony and its trade on a permanent basis. Champlain died in 1634; it is almost entirely because of his work that New France survived.



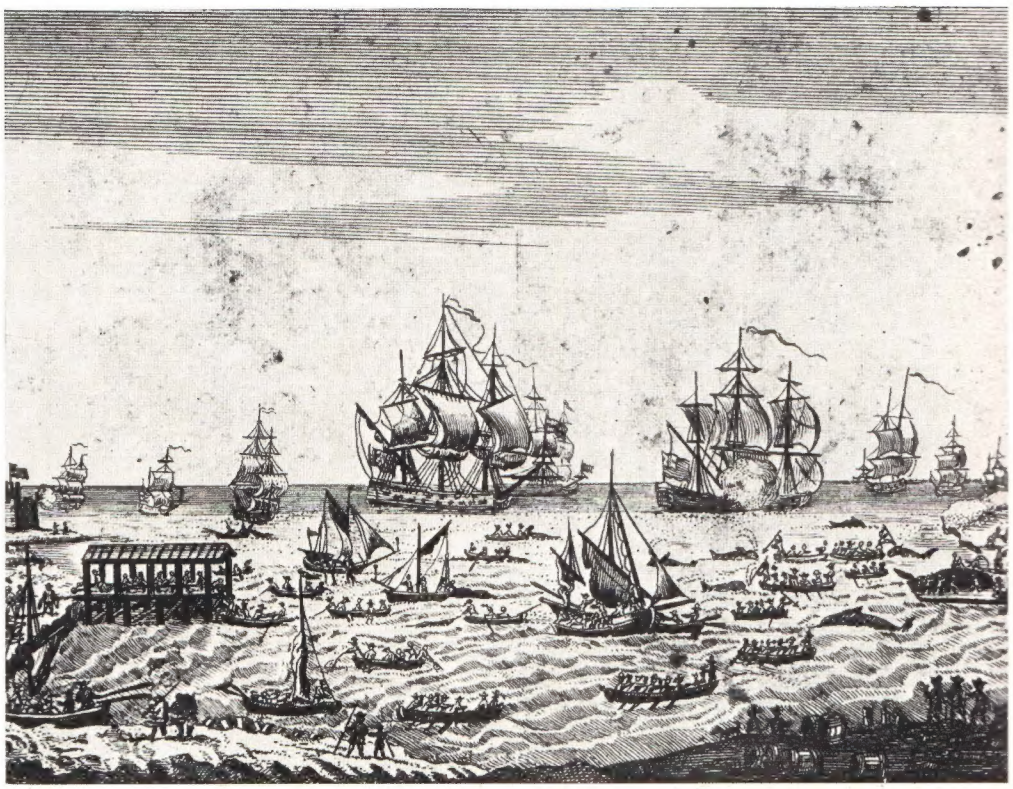
Jacques Cartier's red wine and hardtack made Indians think Frenchmen drank blood and ate wood. But they liked the goods offered by fur-traders who came afterward up the St. Lawrence.

This drawing of 1720 illustrates the various catching (C) and dressing of the fish (D), to

New France's development was very different from that of the British colonies to the south. The products of the farmers contending with the St. Lawrence Valley's short growing season was miniscule compared with that of Virginia's sprawling, sun-favoured plantations. The few small communities – Quebec, Montreal, Trois-Rivières – were mere villages measured against New England's bustling towns. In 1666, there were only 3,418 people in all of New France; British America had passed the 50,000 mark a quarter of a century earlier. Canada was not primarily a country of settlers, but of fur-traders and adventurers. It was the land of the *coureurs-de-bois*.

Champlain had first set these "forest runners" on their legendary paths, sending young French boys to live with Indians and learn the ways of the wilderness. The *coureur-de-bois* was the symbol and the leading edge of New France. With the stealth, skill and endurance of the native, he moved deeper and deeper into the dense woodlands, seeking new fur

steps in the processing of cod from the initial extracting the oil (I) and, finally, drying (M).



Newfoundland's waters, crowded with ships of many nations, were valued by all as a bountiful source of fish for export, and by the English as a "nursery of seamen" for the Royal Navy.

supplies and finding the trails along which European civilization would one day follow, to build roads and towns.

Ironically, a pair of these hardy French frontiersmen were responsible for bringing the British into the north. The Sieur de Groseillers and his brother-in-law, Pierre Radisson, spent years exploring the great forests round Hudson Bay and trying to persuade their government to establish direct trade with the Indians there. Repeatedly rebuffed – their reward for arriving at Quebec in canoes crammed with high-quality skins was a fine for illegal trading – Groseillers and Radisson journeyed to England in an effort to promote their scheme.

In 1668, Messrs. "Gooseberry and Radishes," as their new British sponsors were wont to call them, led a party of Englishmen to those far north shores where they soon amassed a shipment of furs worth £90,000. Delighted, Charles II granted a royal charter to the "Company of Adventurers of England tradeing into Hudson's Bay" and almost casually assigned the new company control of the area watered by rivers emptying into the Bay – a domain that turned out to be one and a half million square miles, ten times the size of the British Isles.

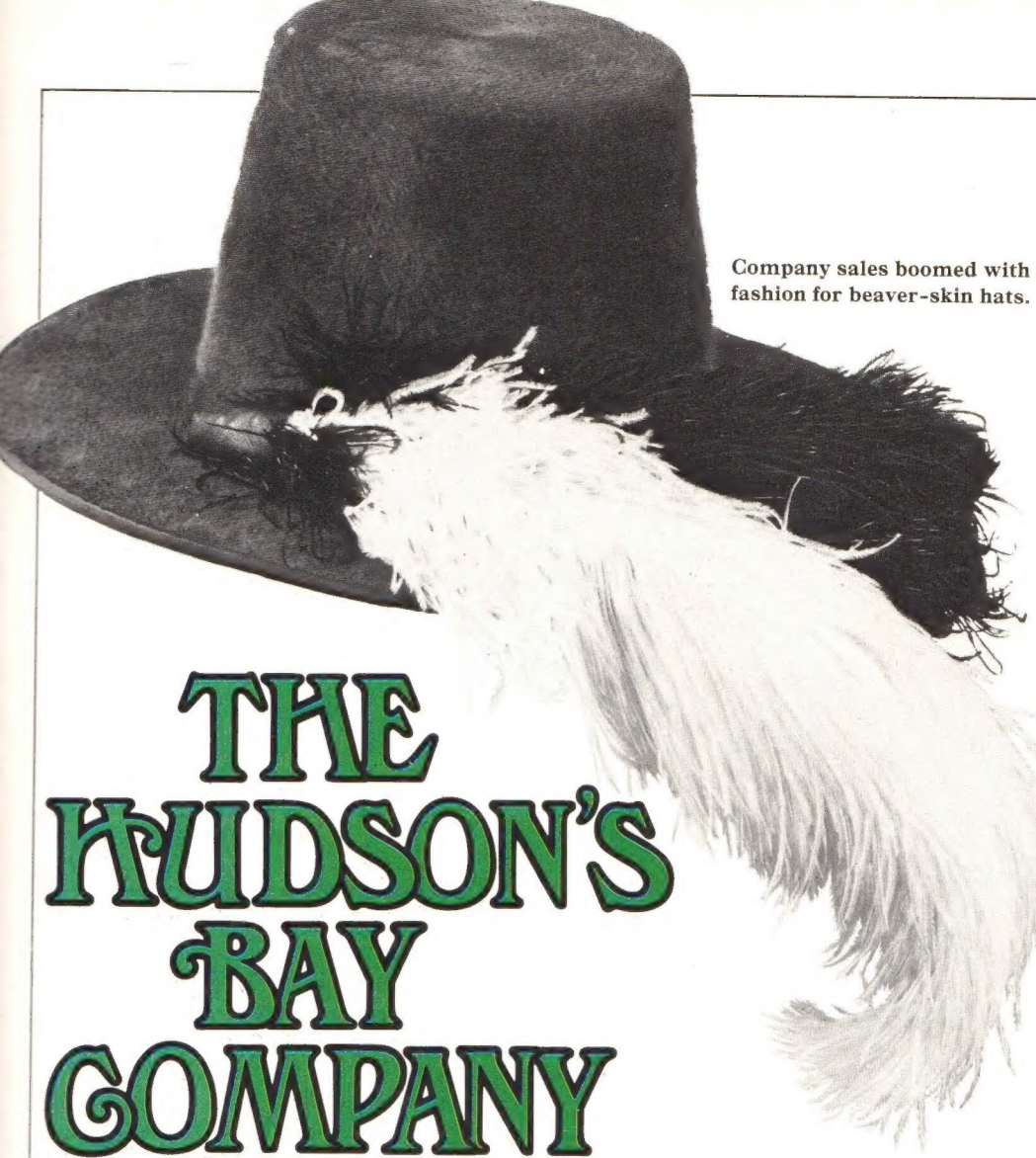
The Hudson's Bay Company had little interest in governing this vast territory, but exploited its trading franchise with vigour and speed, qualities made necessary by the short period the Bay was navigable each year. Ships carrying weapons, trinkets and utensils for the Indians left England in June, reached the Bay just after the summer sun had cleared it of ice, hurriedly took on their return cargoes of furs, and sailed for home before the autumn freeze took hold. From the beginning the enterprise was successful for the English and painful for the French, whose Indian suppliers began diverting the flow of furs northward.

French Canadians smarted from the geopolitical sting as much as from the commercial competition, for they now felt squeezed between expanding British presences both north and south. Chafing at this pressure, New France looked inland. New territories that could be gained and exploited by French explorers, missionaries, soldiers and traders to the north-west and south-west might enable France to meet the British commercial challenge peacefully. If not, if the conflict escalated from trade to arms, she would control the area vital to military and economic power in the interior of the continent, the water cross-roads of Lakes Superior and Huron. This was the reason why the French had journeyed to Sault-Sainte-Marie in 1671 and would travel far beyond in the decades that followed.

Frenchmen went west. On the far side of Lake Superior they formed alliances with Indians and regained for Montreal some of the trade lost to Hudson Bay. Frenchmen went south. In 1682, Robert Chevalier de La Salle reached the Gulf of Mexico via the Mississippi River. And they went north; in that same year, having turned his coat once again, Pierre Radisson led a French company to Hudson Bay. This rapid territorial growth, buttressed by strategically placed forts, was remarkable for such a small colony. It was also less than prudent.

New France was totally committing itself to the economically fickle fur trade and the westward expansion necessary

continued on p. 174



Company sales boomed with the fashion for beaver-skin hats.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

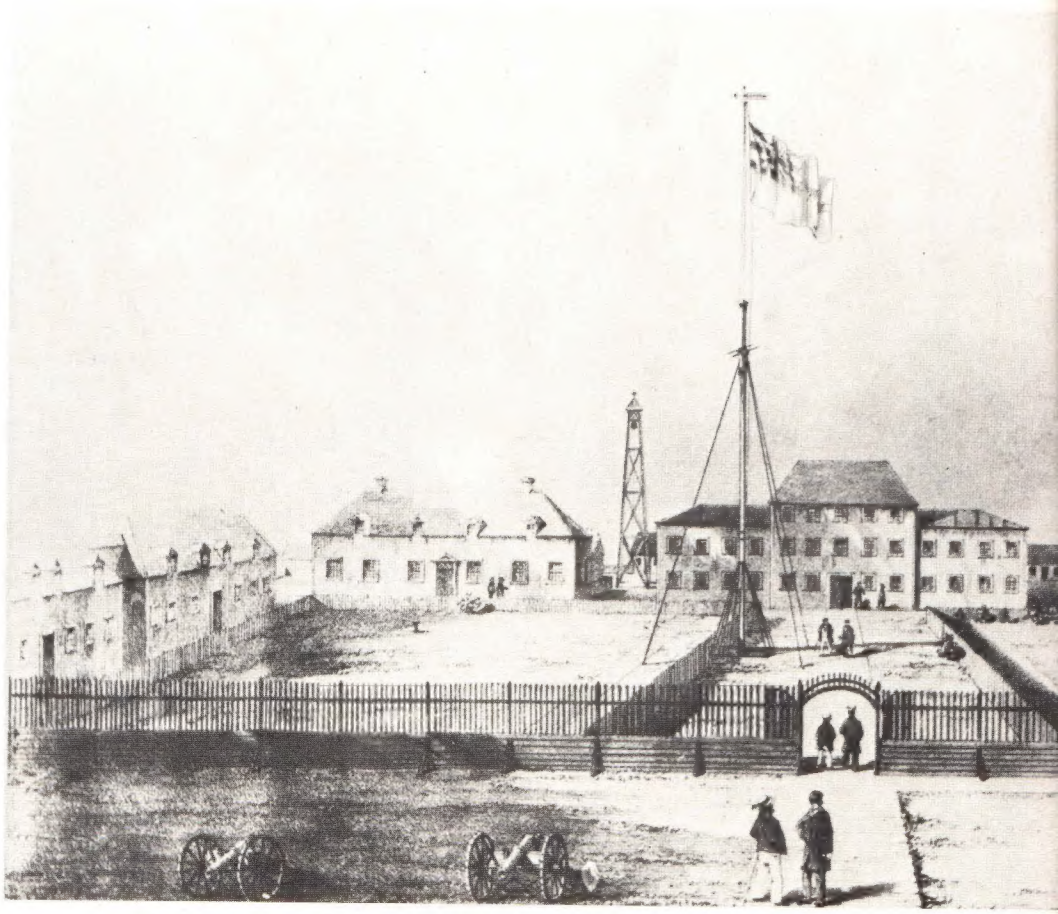
At a Company trading-post, Indians pay with beaver pelts . . . twelve skins bought a musket.

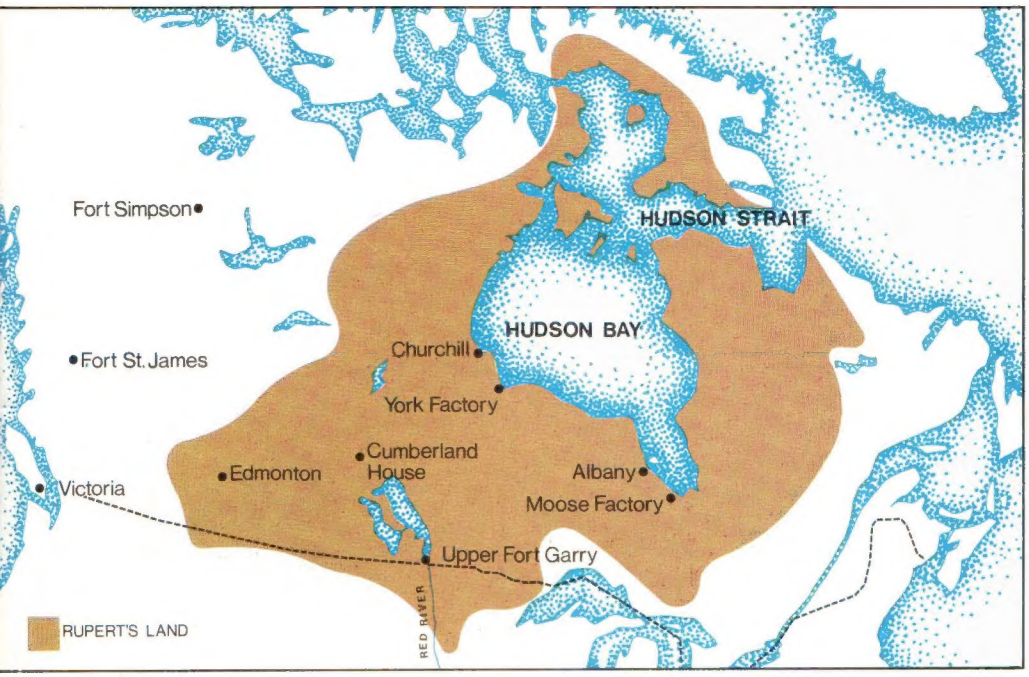
Wampum belts, made from strings of coloured

For London's politicians and moneymen, the company founded in 1670 was as good as a gold-mine. Those who took shares – the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, half the Cabinet – were soon receiving a highly satisfactory 50 per cent annual dividend on their investment.

But for the Company's early traders, life was grim, especially in winter with "nature looking like a carcase frozen to death." Rude cabins gave scant protection. It was cold enough, one trader noted, for a "two-gallon Bottle of water to freeze solid by the stove side." And in summer the traders were perpetually tormented by swarms of mosquitoes. Their most persistent enemy was loneliness. They made the most of any excuse for an "occasion." Upon the annual arrival of the ships from England – carrying fowling-pieces, brass kettles, knives and axes for the Indian fur-suppliers – guns were fired in joyful salute and the newcomers were welcomed with the music of bagpipes and fiddles.

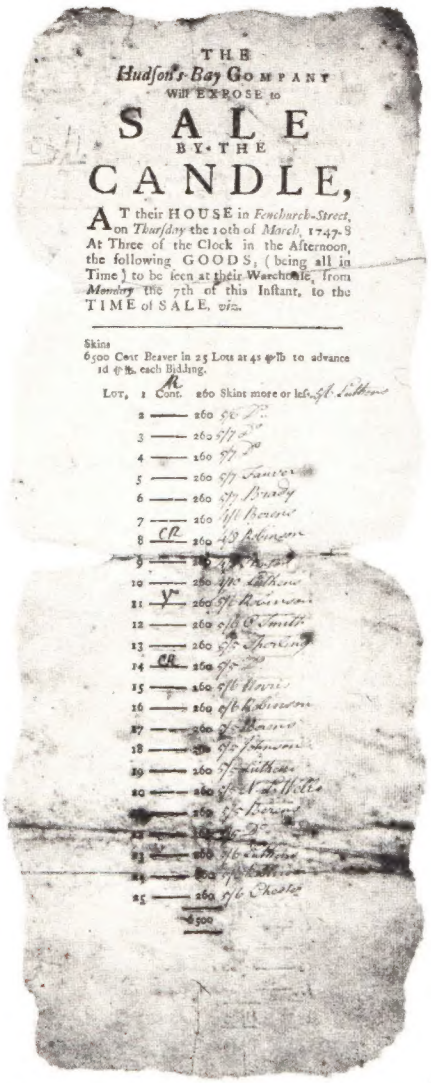
Gradually, however, over the two centuries of trade recalled by the objects pictured here, stone forts replaced wooden stockades and the Company's outposts became permanent settlements in a wild but promising young country.





Rupert's Land, the Company's domain named after Charles II's cousin, covered almost half of modern Canada: but the first inland post, Cumberland House, was not built until 1774.

beads, were used as currency by Company traders in dealings with Indians.



THE
Hudson's-Bay COMPANY
Will EXPOSE to
SALE
BY THE
CANDLE,

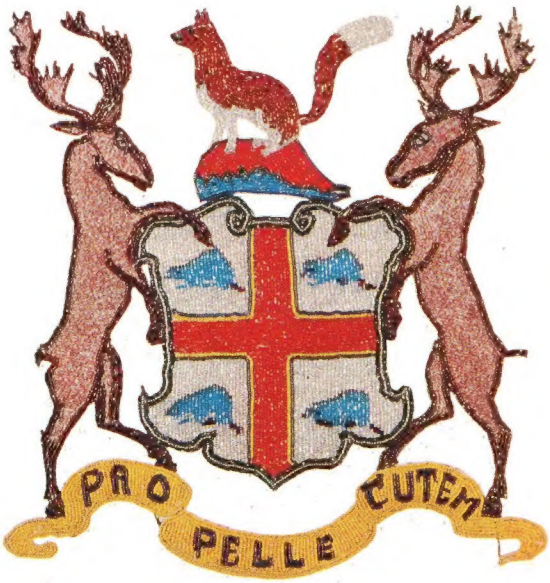
AT their HOUSE in *Fenchurch-Street*, on *Thursday* the 10th of *March*, 1747-8 At Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, the following GOODS, (being all in Time) to be seen at their Warehouse, from *Monday* the 7th of this Instant, to the TIME of SALE, *viz.*

Skins
6500 Coast Beaver in 25 Lots at 4s 9d lb to advance 1d lb. each Bidding.

An inch-long candle ruled fur auctions at the Company's Fenchurch Street headquarters in London: the lot fell to the last bid that was made before the flame flickered out.

Brass tokens, like this one worth one prime beaver skin, were also used as money – in some districts well into the present century.

York Factory, on Hudson Bay, was one of the oldest posts. It was stockaded and armed with cannon in case of Indian or French attack.



The motto on the Company arms – literally "skin for skin" – was a comment on the dangers traders faced: "We risk our skin to get the beaver's pelt."

to sustain it, an undertaking for which its population and financial resources were insufficient. Considering the British challenge it would have to answer, New France was spreading itself too thin on the ground.

For one truth was becoming more and more apparent: even so vast a continent as North America was not going to be big enough for both empires. La Salle warned his countrymen that the British would "complete the ruin of New France which they had already hemmed in by their establishments in Virginia, Pennsylvania, New England and Hudson's Bay."

Nor were the English less resentful of French ambitions. Thomas Douggan, the testy Governor of New York, heaped scorn on the idea that the French King had a claim to Britain's American colonies "because some rivers that run through them rise in the Canadian lakes. He might as well pretend to all the countries that drink claret and brandy." Cotton Mather of Boston called Canada "the chief source of New England's miseries," and during the Massachusetts witchcraft trials jurors nodded understandingly when told that Satan used Canadians as his familiars. A governor of Montreal succinctly described the seriousness of the confrontation: "It would be difficult for our colony or theirs to subsist other than through the destruction of one by the other." He was correct; the future of the continent would be determined by arms.

The issue would take four wars – all of them on-the-spot versions of European conflicts – and more than 70 years to settle. The fighting began in 1689 with King William's War, eight bloody years of inter-colonial raids and retaliations which ended encouragingly for the French. The Treaty of Ryswick gave the Canadians most of the British posts on Hudson Bay, and the French held Acadia, the province on the Atlantic seaboard later renamed Nova Scotia. It was all the encouragement the French were to get. The five years of peace that followed constituted the high-water mark of their North American Empire.

With the next war, that of the Spanish Succession, the tide began running the other way. New France only narrowly avoided total defeat. In the Treaty of

France's Louisbourg was reputed as an American "Gibraltar" but it twice fell to

Britain, in 1745 (above) and again, after a truce, in 1758, when it was razed.

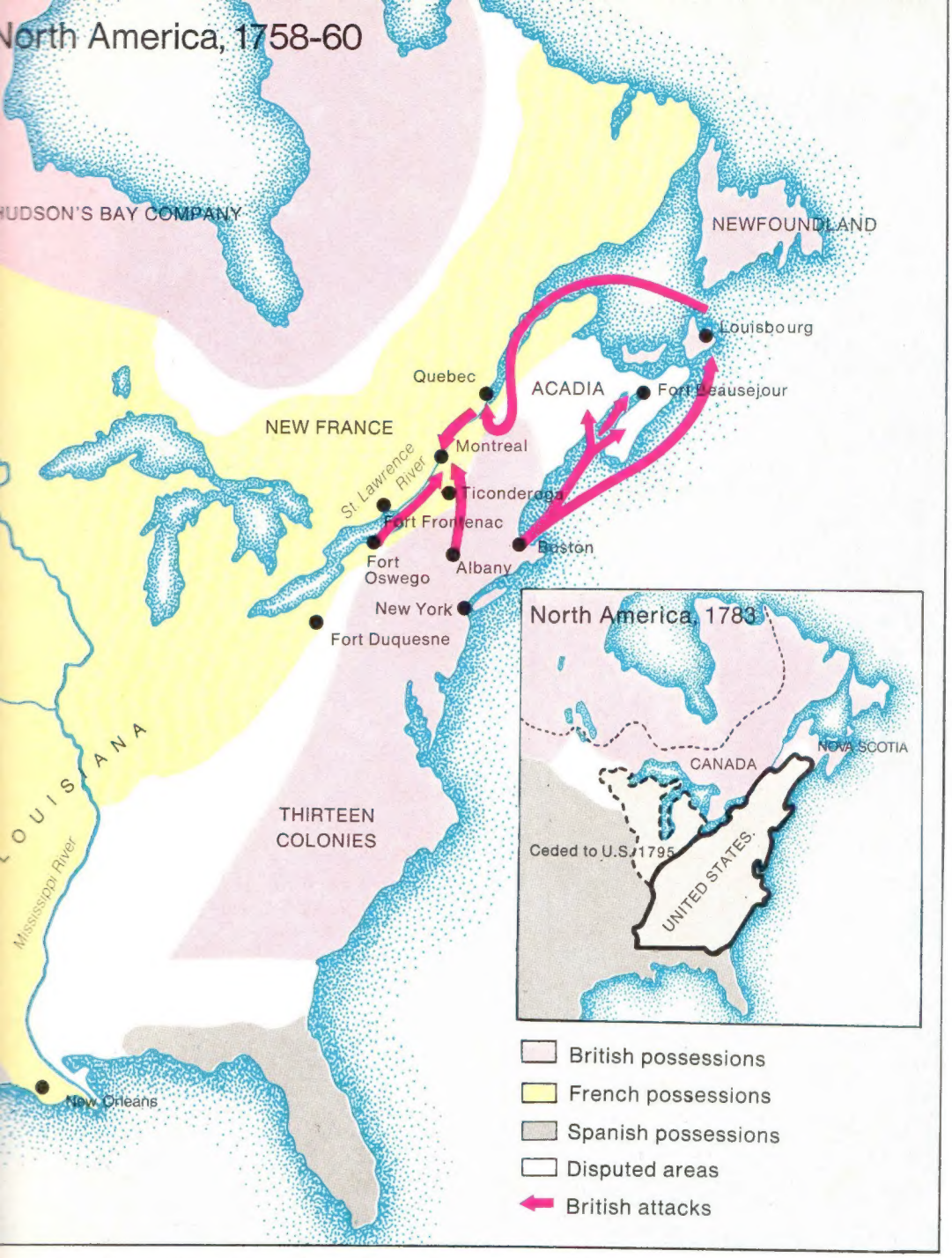
Utrecht in 1713, the Hudson's Bay Company regained its forts, and the French were compelled to cede the provinces of Newfoundland and Acadia to Britain.

Fatigued by the contest, both sides backed off to recuperate and North America enjoyed a generation of peace, during which New France readied herself for the inevitable resumption of conflict. New forts went up to guard the frontier to the south. On Ile-Royale, one of two islands the French retained in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the biggest shore defence in all America slowly took shape: Louisbourg. Ill conceived and badly built, a monument to administrative fiddles and shoddy workmanship, the massive stone fortress was formidable only in appearance and cost. As a stronghold to defend New France, it was to prove peculiarly vulnerable to attack.

The French had better results building up their commercial strength during this period. Pierre La Verandrye tramped through the swamps and forests of the north-west for 12 years, opening new routes that siphoned into Montreal much of the fur trade that had been going to Hudson Bay. This development was more valuable to the French, and more galling to the English, than a dozen Louisbourgs.

When fighting resumed with the War of the Austrian Succession in 1744, France's policy was to seek victory in Europe while simply holding on to her American possessions. Without reinforcements from France this latter task was difficult, especially in the case of Louisbourg. A well-planned expedition (it was even supplied with cannon-balls to fit the French guns) led by William Pepperell, the Maine lumber baron, made this abundantly clear in 1745. With the aid of the Royal Navy, the New England volunteers dealt "the severest blow that could have been given to the Enemy, and in the tenderest part," by capturing Louisbourg at small cost.

France did better in Europe, and by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the indignation of Britain's colonists, regained Louisbourg in 1748. In America, this "peace" was not an end to war. Its terms only further inflamed the New Englanders, already enraged by terrible French and Indian attacks on their



In the years after the French collapse at Quebec, New France passed into the hands of Britain, Spain and the newly independent United States.

frontier settlements. (Throughout these wars, both sides employed Indian allies, but the French were more successful at it.) At most, Aix-la-Chapelle was regarded by British and French colonists as a truce. The main event was yet to come.

Both sides prepared for a showdown. The French began strengthening Louisbourg as soon as they got it back. The British, in turn, built a naval base at Halifax and planted their own settlers – 3,000 immigrants by 1749 – among the Frenchmen of what was now called Nova Scotia. These French Acadians, humble farmers for the most part, were considered a threat by their British masters despite their protestations of neutrality. Later, when war began, they were forcibly expelled in an episode which for years was the stuff of legend and verse. Six thousand were uprooted from the land of their ancestors, separated from friends and often from families, and shipped off to less vulnerable corners of the Empire. (Many of them ultimately found their way to Louisiana where their French-speaking descendants are still called Acadians.)

By the time the Acadians were deported, New France and British America were at war far to the south-west, in the Ohio Valley. Both nations claimed this area between Virginia and France's inland empire. The French reinforced their claim in 1753, sending 2,200 Canadian soldiers to build and man Fort le Bœuf on the Ohio River. Soon after it was completed, a 21-year-old English American named George Washington arrived at its gates with a letter from the Governor of Virginia, Robert Dinwiddie. Dinwiddie, in no uncertain terms, demanded to know why the Canadians were on land "so notoriously known to be the property of the crown of Great Britain."

"They told me," Washington reported back to his Governor, "that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and by God they would do it." Dinwiddie was not impressed. He must have had a high opinion of Washington's abilities or a low one of the French, for he sent the young officer back to the Ohio with about 200 colonial militiamen.

The French, meanwhile, had advanced farther down the river, captured a half-finished outpost being built by a British party on the site of modern Pittsburgh, completed it, and named it Fort Duquesne. When Washington arrived to evict the interlopers, his Virginians were severely trounced. Driven into hastily dug defences named by Washington Fort Necessity (it was certainly necessary, but knee-deep trenches in an open meadow hardly merited the title of "fort") the men were surrounded and forced to surrender.

The French allowed their captives to go home to Virginia, but this generosity did not assuage offended British sensibilities. From a backwoods border clash fought by colonial militia, the Ohio question was promoted to an imperial crisis. George II announced to Parliament that he would defend his American possessions, and sent Major-General Edward Braddock with two regiments of regular infantry to expel the trespassers.

Braddock, a 60-year-old veteran of the Coldstream Guards and a military traditionalist, was so confident of an easy campaign that he took his mistress along. Behind fluttering banners and beating drums, his redcoats were a smart, martial sight – and easy targets – as they marched over the Appalachian Mountains. On the other side, the French, who had learned much about forest fighting from their Indian allies, were waiting. Now they were about to display this knowledge to the British.

The French-Indian force under Captain Beaujeu numbered less than half Braddock's 2,100 men, but the British never had a chance to count them. Braddock's

close-ranked column met the enemy on a road near Fort Duquesne in the late afternoon of July 9, 1755. The way ahead quickly cleared when the British delivered a few bursts of grapeshot from a small cannon. Jubilant at seeing the enemy yield so easily, Braddock's men rushed forward – and then began toppling like tenpins as the woods on either side spat a torrent of musket-balls.

Unable to see the enemy marksmen, hapless British troops began firing wildly in all directions, hitting many of their own comrades. Braddock, himself possibly struck by an English bullet, died muttering "better luck next time." Half his expedition fell in the slaughter. The rest fled for their lives, hurriedly destroying valuable stores and munitions rather than encumber their retreat, which was creditably commanded by George Washington. Braddock's mistress also died. It was rumoured that Indians, celebrating their victory, afterwards consumed her rather substantial body.

Braddock's march was one thrust in a four-pronged British offensive that was meant to end with the conquest of Canada. The British also failed to penetrate French defences either at Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario or farther east along the Lake Champlain-Richelieu River route to the St. Lawrence. Only in Acadia, where two French forts surrendered, did Britain achieve her initial objectives. The two great Empires, although neither officially acknowledged it yet, were at war once more, and so far New France was putting up a remarkably good show for a country of 55,000 defying a neighbour 20 times as big.

Britain officially declared war on France in May, 1756, the start in Europe of the Seven Years War, which in America was known as the French and Indian War. Little happened until December, when William Pitt became Prime Minister. Pitt the Elder has been called the only Prime Minister in the history of Britain who purposefully and successfully made war an instrument of imperial policy. Whether or not he deserves that less than wholly flattering distinction, he certainly understood the importance of strategy and initiative to national aims.

The three previous Anglo-French wars had been decided, ultimately, on the battlefields of Europe. Pitt determined to go this time directly for the prizes themselves: French colonies and the control of sea-routes leading to them. The future of New France would be settled in North America, and not this time by volunteer armies and colonial militia, but by all the military and naval power that Britain could bring to bear on that sector of the world-wide conflict.

It was because of one man, the Marquis de Montcalm, that French arms continued to prevail in America for a year after Pitt took office. Montcalm was probably the greatest commander of the Seven Years War on either side. He also had the greatest problems. One was his mistrust of and lack of sympathy for the Canadians, which they returned in kind. On his arrival he was surprised to learn that they actually spoke passable French. Believing that as soldiers they were inclined to strike one fast blow and go home, he preferred to rely on his French regulars whenever possible.

Montcalm also faced trouble from the men with whom he shared authority in the colony: Pierre de Vaudreuil, the first Canadian-born Governor – in effect a viceroy – and François Bigot, the Intendant or chief administrator. Vaudreuil was jealous of Montcalm and frequently interfered with his command. The Canadian had a nice grasp of guerrilla warfare which Montcalm could have employed to some advantage, but the French General seems to have regarded Vaudreuil as a nuisance. "Youth must learn," Montcalm sighed, when the 61-year-old Governor toured a defensive position. "As he had never in his life seen either an army or an earthwork, these things struck him as being as novel as they were entertaining."

Bigot, the Intendant, was no more than an amusing crook. He headed a syndicate that bought surplus stores from the Crown cheap and sold them back at ridiculously inflated prices. "What a country, what a country," lamented Montcalm, "where knaves grow rich and honest men are ruined." Still, he tolerated the use of Crown money to support Bigot's friends on padded regimental rosters. He had to get along with the Intendant in order to fight the war, and besides, Bigot was an intelligent raconteur whose famed table and vivacious mistress could lend some brightness to the long, grim Canadian winter.

Montcalm's greatest problem was the British Royal Navy. Twice as large as France's, it was rapidly gaining control of the Atlantic. This meant that Montcalm's command – a few thousand French regulars and about 9,000 Canadian militia, very small in comparison to British manpower in America – could not expect a steady flow of reinforcements. He realized that eventually the French fleets would be blockaded at home, the entrance to the St. Lawrence would fall to the British, and that his force at Quebec would have to face the enemy alone.

George Washington (right) and Governor Dinwiddie had personal reasons for alarm over French moves in the Ohio Valley: both these men had invested in land developments there.

This view was drawn in 1758. A year later British cannon-balls and fire-bombs rained on the spires, obliterating most of the lower town (17).

Montcalm's glory derives mainly from the fact that he refused to let these considerations lock him into a defensive posture until it was absolutely necessary.

There were three invasion routes the British could take to pierce the Canadian heartland. One was the St. Lawrence itself. Another was up Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River. The third was in the west, through the Ohio River and the Lower Lakes. Instead of waiting behind his forts for the British to force their way in, Montcalm marched out to push his enemy back. He struck first – and hard – in the west.

On August 10, 1756, Colonel James Mercer, who commanded the important British base at Oswego on Lake Ontario, awoke to find 3,300 Frenchmen and Canadians outside his walls. Four days later he was killed by French fire and the fort surrendered. The victory was at least partly Vaudreuil's; his Indian guerrillas had isolated the British post through a long winter of terror raids. It did not increase amicability within the French-Canadian command structure when Montcalm claimed that his regulars deserved all the credit for the victory.

The next summer Montcalm moved 8,000 men against Fort William Henry on the eastern lake route. The siege began on August 3. Six days later, having learned no help was coming, the British surrendered. Montcalm admonished his Indians to treat the prisoners humanely, but his orders were violated. "They killed and scalp'd all the sick and wounded before our faces," testified one Anglo-American soldier, "and then took from our troops, all the Indians and negroes. . . . One of the former they burnt alive afterwards."

About a dozen were killed, including "Officers, privates, Women and Children," and the incident added little lustre to French-Canadian reputations in the area. New Yorkers began destroying boats, bridges and roads to block Montcalm's expected advance towards Albany.

But he was not going to Albany. Facing transport and supply problems and knowing his Canadian auxiliaries wanted to go home for the harvest, he fell back on Fort Ticonderoga, which the French called Carillon. The British were pleasantly surprised; Vaudreuil was disgusted; and

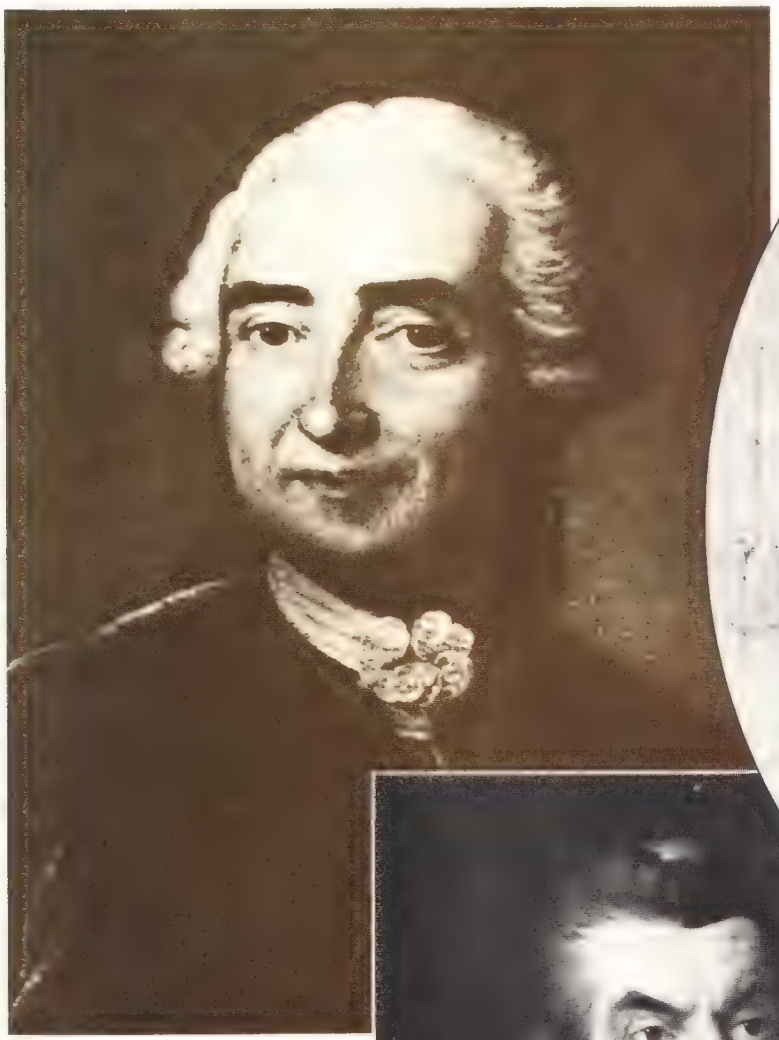
Bigot's friends were delighted to have an interlude in the fighting, during which they purchased the spoils of Fort William Henry, including 36,000 pounds of powder, at a knock-down price, later selling it back to the Crown at a staggeringly high profit.

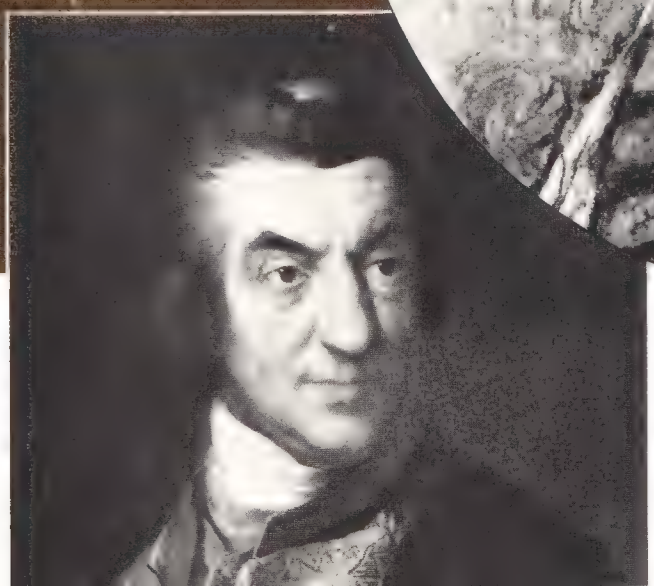
Montcalm should have moved. By the next year it was too late, as Pitt's men and Pitt's policies at last took hold and robbed Montcalm of his initiative. Probably the most important of those men was James Wolfe, a temperamental, chronically ill (besides a generally frail constitution, he suffered from "rheumatism and gravel"), bold and devoted soldier. Wolfe was aware of his own reputation for moodiness and stormy outbursts. "Better be a savage of some use," he said, "than a gentle, amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world." His superiors suffered his rudeness to gain the benefit of his courage and imagination. The Duke of Newcastle told George II that Pitt's new general was insane. "Mad is he?" responded the King. "Then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

On June 1, 1758, 200 British vessels, including 23 ships of the line and carrying 13,000 troops, appeared off Louisbourg. Lord Jeffrey Amherst was in charge of the show, but the 32-year-old Wolfe, making his début in the American war, stole it. It was Wolfe, armed only with a cane, who leapt into the surf under a shower of French fire and bullied his men ashore after several previous attempts to establish a beachhead had failed. It was Wolfe who directed the movement of British artillery through the siege that followed, closer and closer to the fortress with ever more devastating effect, until the desperate French were plugging the holes in the walls with hogsheads of tea, and the return fire, according to a French officer, sounded "more like funeral guns than defence." On July 26, Louisbourg capitulated. The St. Lawrence was unlocked.

But the man who had as much as anyone turned the key went back to England in a pique, because Amherst had decided it was too late to press on to Quebec that year. "If you will attempt to cut up New France by the roots," Wolfe told him impatiently before departing, "I will come back with pleasure to assist."

The year was not altogether Britain's. At Ticonderoga, Montcalm scored a splendid victory over an army of 15,000 trying to force its way to the St. Lawrence. Ralph Abercromby lost almost 2,000 men, the French less than 400. "What a day for France!" wrote Montcalm. "Ah





At Quebec, General James Wolfe (right) carried into battle against the Marquis de Montcalm (left) a poem reading: "Brave let us fall, or honour'd if we live." Though they both fell, Sir Charles Saunders (bottom), whose fleet was crucial to victory, did live and was honoured. Welcomed home by George II, he became First Sea Lord.

. . . what soldiers are ours! I never saw the like. Why were they not at Louisbourg?"

Why were they not also, he might later have asked, in the west, where the French lost Forts Frontenac and Duquesne? The triumph at Ticonderoga was glorious enough, but the eventuality Montcalm had foreseen for the last two years was now reality: New France was confined to the St. Lawrence Valley and it was only a matter of time before the enemy struck at its heart.

Before a year was up Wolfe kept his promise and returned "to cut up New France by the roots." While the mercurial General was without doubt the hero of the Seven Years War, it is worth recalling the well-worn adage that Britain's real army was her navy. Pitt certainly never forgot it.

British sea-power had isolated Montcalm from the reinforcements he needed. It had invalidated the presence of a French fleet off Louisbourg. Now the Royal Navy had carried Wolfe and his army of 10,000 into the heart of the North American land mass, sailing up the treacherous St. Lawrence on a course charted by a promising young naval officer named James Cook. While Cook would be remembered for later achievements, this task was as dangerous as any he ever undertook. He worked at night in enemy territory. Once he had to leap off the bows of his boat while Indians jumped on to the stern. But he did the job well; his charts took Wolfe where the General wanted to go.

Once before Quebec, Wolfe, who was even more ill than usual, showed less than his normal impatience to conclude the issue. Perhaps he believed the fortifications to be stronger than they actually were. If so, his conviction was not shared by the French commander. After surveying his defences, Montcalm dispatched his aide Louis Bougainville to plead for reinforcements in Paris. The hard-pressed French Treasury had no money to spare for Canada. "When a house is on fire," said the Minister, Berryer, "one doesn't bother about the stables." "At least, Monsieur," replied Bougainville rather acidly, "one could not accuse you of talking like a horse."

Wolfe put his main battery on Point Lévis across the river from Quebec, and bombarded the town throughout July. Houses that survived the fire collapsed under the sheer weight of cannon-balls. In the lower town, 150 dwellings were destroyed in one night of incendiary shelling. To destroy a town, however, was not to conquer it, as Wolfe found when he lost 400 men in late July while attempting to make a landing on the French side of the river.

He knew he had to act before the autumn freeze forced his expedition out of the St. Lawrence, but professed he did not know what to do. In early September he wrote to Pitt that he had "such a Choice of Difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine." Wolfe as well as his disappointed officers knew that his depression and indecision were caused by his physical afflictions. "I know perfectly well you cannot cure my complaint," he told his surgeon about this time, "but patch me up so that I may be able to do my duty for the next few days, and I shall be content."

Shortly afterwards, Wolfe broke camp and moved a large part of his force upstream. There were several possible motives for the mysterious shift. Among the least likely would be an attempt to scale the towering cliffs and reach the Plains of Abraham above the town. Wolfe kept his plan to himself.

About 4 a.m. on September 13, a French sentry near the Anse au Foulon, one of the few places where a steep, tortuous path climbed up the formidable wall, heard a sound from the darkened river. "Qui vive?" he challenged. "France," came the quiet reply.

"Why don't you speak louder?" persisted the sentry.

"Be quiet. We will be heard," answered the commanding voice, in excellent French. Sensing he was dealing with an officer, the sentry kept his silence. The voice from the dark was indeed an officer's, that of a Highlander named Simon Gray who was in the leading boat of a flotilla carrying almost 5,000 British soldiers. A few minutes later Wolfe stepped on to the shingled beach of the Anse du Foulon. He was honest with his men. "I don't think we can by any means get up here," he said, "but we must use our best endeavour." He was too pessimistic: his advance guard had already crept to the top and silenced the small body of French troops on the summit.

At sunrise two hours later, Montcalm was astounded to see a red-clad British army assembling on the Plains of Abraham. The war that had begun with an ambush in thick forest was about to be decided on a field that was practically a parade-ground. Here regular soldiers were better suited than irregulars, and Montcalm's army of 4,500 consisted mainly of the latter. But he did not hesitate. "If we give the enemy time to dig in," he said, ordering his men from their trenches, "we shall never be able to attack him with the few troops we have."

The formal British ranks held their fire until the French were within 40 paces, then dispensed two volleys in such precise unison that they were said to sound like two cannon-shots. The Frenchmen who were left standing turned and fled. Wolfe, personally leading the counter-charge, was hit three times. From where he lay on the ground he calmly issued an order to cut off the French retreat. He then turned on his side, said "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," and did so. Montcalm, covered with blood from his own wounds, rode with dignity back into the walled city before dying. The generals were two of some 1,200 casualties in this critical battle that had lasted less than half an hour.

Another year elapsed before a British army of 18,000 compelled the surrender of Montreal and completed the conquest of Canada. Great Britain could take her time; she was riding a world-wide groundswell of victory. In Germany the French were being beaten back. At sea, the Royal Navy achieved decisive victories in the Bay of Biscay, the Mediterranean and the Caribbean. In the West Indies, Guadeloupe had already surrendered and other French sugar islands were to follow – costing France a fifth of her overseas trade, whereas in Canada she lost only a twentieth of it. Spain's late and injudicious entry into the war only provided more prizes – Havana in the west and Manila in the east – for English arms. When the European powers finally sat down at the conference table, Great Britain held all the winning cards.

QUEBEC

"Never was rout more complete",
said a dejected Frenchman after Wolfe's precisely
ordered ranks (above) swept the French from the plain
behind the fortress-city of Quebec in 1759. But the battle which
ended so quickly and decisively came after a
summer-long siege, shown on the following pages, during
which victory eluded Britain's boldest warrior
until he tried his last and most desperate gamble.

"I will have Quebec"

Arriving in June, 1759 Wolfe vowed "I will have Quebec" if it took "till the end of November" – but knew he had less time than that. The fleet had to leave before the freeze, perhaps in October. Yet nothing could lure the French from their formidable defences along the north shore, neither the merciless bombardment of Quebec from Point Lévis (centre, spelled "Levy") nor harassment of their flank from Wolfe's camp (far right). When a frontal assault failed at the end of July, the British burned villages, but Montcalm would not risk Quebec – and Canada – by coming out to save them.

Time and topography were on his side. Even when British ships slipped under French guns to prowl the upper river (far left), Montcalm was sure that the steep cliffs there, at the spot labelled "Landing Place," would effectively prevent the possibility of a successful assault.

Blazing French fire-ships crammed with gunpowder threatened the English fleet, but brave tars towed them away, and said the French had left "the grandest fireworks."

The British Sprout Wings

When Wolfe broke camp in early September and embarked part of his army in the ships above Quebec, Governor Vaudreuil crowed jubilantly that it meant "the speedy departure of the fleet." Montcalm was not convinced: though he sent 3,000 men under Louis Bougainville to follow the puzzling naval probes from shore, he believed that if the English landed it would be at Cap Rouge, nine miles up-river west of Quebec. Nearer the city the heights were thought inaccessible. "We need not suppose," he said, "that the enemy have wings."

On the night of September 12, when the English ships drifted down-river, Bougainville did not pursue. After days of watching, his men were exhausted and he was sure the fleet would return, as usual, on the incoming tide. Meanwhile, below Quebec, Admiral Saunders's ships stood in close to shore, signalled madly, and fired cannon while boats were lowered. Montcalm made ready to repel an invasion. It was a feint – the "troops" were sailors – and it had worked.

While French troops massed there, Wolfe's soldiers in other boats moved stealthily down the darkened river to the place now called Wolfe's Cove. Two dozen volunteers clambered up a narrow path and overwhelmed a sleeping French camp. The next morning Montcalm found Wolfe's 4,800 troops on the Plains of Abraham. In an hour, it was over though the fortress-city held out for five days.

Both opposing generals were mortally wounded in the fighting. Told he was dying, Montcalm said, "I am happy I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." As Wolfe lay dying, a messenger shouted, "See how they run!" Rousing himself, Wolfe demanded, "Who run?" "The enemy, Sir," was the answer. "They give way everywhere." From that moment until he died, James Wolfe smiled.

Wolfe's men drag cannon up the cliff path. Montcalm sent for the 25 guns in Quebec, but the garrison commander gave him only three, insisting that the city needed the rest.

The British troops land before the Battle of Quebec. Had the landing been firmly opposed, as suggested here, Wolfe might have failed.

II. The Growing-pains of a Young Country

"The Peace of Paris is like the Peace of God," said one of the many British politicians dissatisfied with the 1763 treaty. "It passeth all understanding." A new government, deciding whether to retain Guadeloupe or Canada, had chosen Canada. The City was aghast; if France was to regain any of her lost colonies, let it be the useless, frozen wasteland at the nether end of North America, not the immensely productive sugar island.

But the decision was made, and the last two centuries have revealed it to be one of the most fateful choices in modern history. North America, then standing on the threshold of its era of eminence, would be English. The English race, culture, and language would be paramount in what would be the world's richest and most powerful continent.

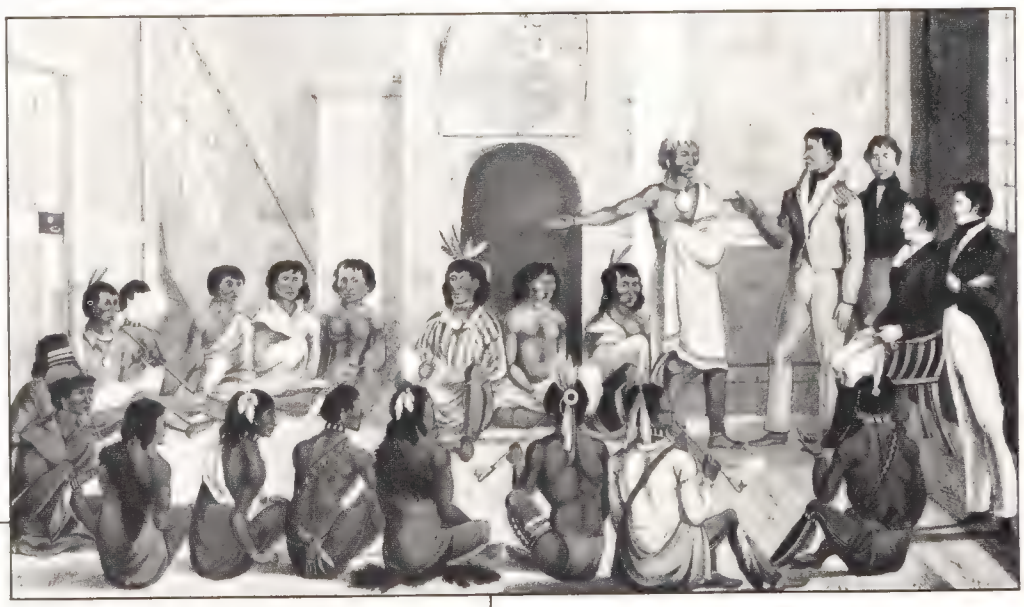
But it was also important in another way, for it ensured that half the continent would break away from the British Empire. By making Canada British, the government eliminated one of the forces that bound the Thirteen Colonies to their mother country – fear of the French threat lurking across the border. No longer requiring British protection from France, the American colonists looked more critically at their links with London.

British steps taken to assimilate Canada accelerated this disaffection. Americans resented the Proclamation of 1763, designed to placate Canada's Indians by reserving certain areas for them, because it cramped the westward expansion of the colonies. They were positively enraged by the Quebec Act of 1774, which restored to Britain's French subjects their old civil law and their right to participate in government without renouncing their Roman Catholicism. Worst of all, the Act restored to Quebec land southward towards the Ohio River – including much land for which colonists had fought in the Seven Years War.

The Quebec Act was a major cause of the American Revolution – and the American Revolution had an equally profound effect on the future of Canada.

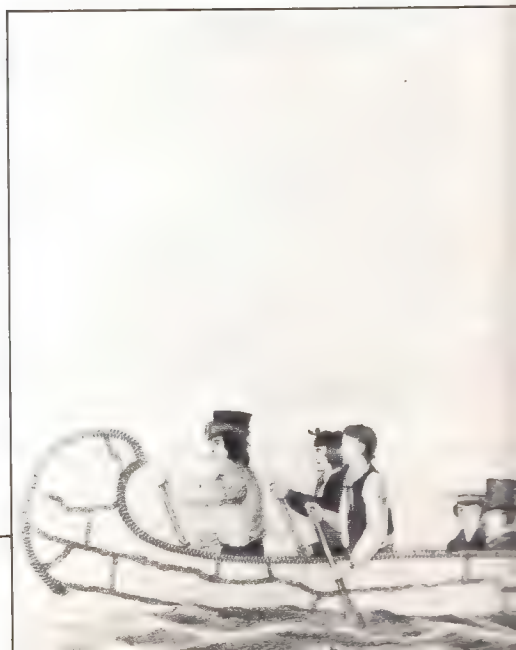
For a start, the boundary that a war-weary Britain conceded to the victorious Americans sliced right through what had been Quebec and deprived the St. Lawrence province of half the great inland territory her explorers and soldiers had won a century before, and that her fur-traders had been working ever since.

THE FIRST TRUE SETTLEMENT in Canada's Wild West was Red River Colony, founded by the Earl of Selkirk in 1812 in Hudson's Bay Company territory. The rival traders of Montreal's North Company saw it as an attempt to block their routes to Indian suppliers and after four years of feuding killed 21 Red River colonists in a brutal raid on their headquarters, Fort Douglas. The feud continued in court for years: Nor'westers tabbed Selkirk "a canting, hypocritical villain"; to Selkirk, the Nor'westers' fort was "an asylum for banditti." In 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company bought out its rival. The colony prospered – as these pictures from the 1820s show – and became present-day Manitoba.



Governor Robert Pelly, here receiving a visiting Chief at Fort Douglas, carefully tended relations with Indians of the area.

The Red River, frozen in winter, was the colony's main road. Despite low temperatures, settlers found the dry air healthy.



Another result of the American Revolution was tremendously beneficial to the land that is now Canada, although it produced bitterness at first. This was the resettlement of British Americans who had remained loyal to the Crown during the Revolution. The new American citadel of liberty and justice for all marked its birth with an orgy of persecution for one of its substantial minorities. Mob and civil authority combined to deprive the Loyalists of their dignity, their freedom and their property. The British government felt duty bound to move some 35,000 of them to safety in the north, and the King showed his gratitude by allowing the Loyalists and their descendants to append to their name the letters "U.E.," for United Empire.

Most of them, about 30,000, went to Nova Scotia, where they built whole new towns for themselves and opened new lands for farming. Some 6,000 made their way up the St. Lawrence and began clearing the formidable forests of western Quebec. To understand the impact they made, it must be remembered how thinly populated were these colonies. Within two years the arriving United Empire Loyalists increased the total population of Quebec and Nova Scotia by 50 per cent.

They were farmers, builders, tradesmen and artisans, and their coming at last transformed the formerly French provinces from mere fur-trading and fishing establishments to true settlement colonies. In addition to skills and tools, they brought with them their British, basically democratic – for the time, anyway – political ideas. They were monarchists, else they would not be there, but they were also English, and would not happily tolerate the authoritarian institutions left behind by the French.

Parliament accommodated them. With the Constitutional Act of 1791, the conciliar system, which had governed Quebec since Champlain founded it 200 years before, was ended and what passed in those days for representative government was substituted. At the same time, Parliament decided to forestall antagonism between nationalities by splitting Quebec into two provinces. Lower Canada, which included the cities of Montreal and Quebec, was largely inhabited by French Canadians. Upper Canada, beyond the Ottawa River, was almost entirely peopled by British. Each area would have its own government.

Curious but wary tribesmen like these often came to look and trade at the settlement.

The colours of Empire were carried to the far corners of the 116,000-square-mile colony on the Governor's canoe voyages.

Nova Scotia was already subdivided. Prince Edward Island had been given a separate government in 1769, and New Brunswick was hived off in 1784, soon after Loyalists arrived there. All three were given representative institutions.

During this period the fur trade, which historically had been the source of many of Canada's problems as well as much of her wealth, bequeathed a final legacy to the country before collapsing in the early 19th century. Montreal's biggest traders, who had formed the North West Company to compete with Hudson's Bay, found their business threatened more ominously from the south, by the territorial aspirations of the new United States. The North West Company's men raced for the Pacific to establish their claims to the great western wilderness.

And men came to fill the space. After the Napoleonic Wars a series of economic depressions in the United Kingdom inspired a westward migration of British people such as had not been seen since the settlement of the American colonies 200 years before. Between 1825 and 1850, the population of Nova Scotia jumped from 104,000 to 277,000, that of New Brunswick's increased from 74,000 to 194,000, and that of Upper Canada, astonishingly, rose fivefold, from 158,000 to 791,000.

Canada was changing so fast, both socially and economically – the fur trade was already being displaced as a primary export by wheat – that government was soon to prove inadequate. By the 1791 Constitution, which divided Upper and Lower Canada, each state had a governmental structure which superficially resembled Britain's. A democratically elected assembly (the Commons) was responsible to a legislative council (the House of Lords) appointed by the British Governor (representing the Crown), who had an executive council (the Cabinet). But in both provinces the two councils were firmly in the grip of conservatives. The councils answered to the Governor and thus to the British Crown. The elected representatives did not have over-all control of their own government.

The challenge came from two fronts: from the reform-minded immigrants of Upper Canada and the French Catholics of Lower Canada. The two movements were very different. The immigrants – labourers, frontiersmen, Nonconformists – had little in common with the radicals of the neighbouring province, other than frustration. In Lower Canada, it was the older residents, the French Catholics, who were unhappy. In many ways, these "Patriotes" were more conservative than radical. They would never challenge their Church, nor the feudal landholding system, but they too could rail against the government and big corporations because these were controlled by an English-speaking, Protestant oligarchy.

Lower Canada's leading Reformer was a well-born, seminary-educated, French-Canadian lawyer, Louis-Joseph Papineau, Seigneur of Montebello. This distinguished orator and cultivated gentleman had been a power in Lower Canada's politics since 1815. By contrast, William Lyon Mackenzie, who suddenly jumped from an obscure newspaper job to leadership of Upper Canada's Reformers a decade later, was a small, excitable and unimposing figure, completely self-taught, whose mind was stirring with violent antagonism towards privilege.

Both groups found the established machinery of government not so responsive to democratic will as it was made out to be. Mackenzie's party were elected to control of Upper Canada's assembly in 1834, but the appointed council vetoed all their important measures. The Lower Canada Patriotes had enjoyed an overwhelming majority in their Lower House for years and were unpleasantly reminded that they had no real power when the British Colonial Secretary, Lord John Russell authorized the Governor to override the legislators.

In that year a financial depression was added to the accumulated disappointments of Reformers in both provinces, and rebellion simmered near the surface.

In Montreal, the military commander, Sir John Colborne, who had delivered the decisive counter-attack at Waterloo, was not to be caught unawares. But when his reinforcements were cut off by the freezing of the St. Lawrence, an English radical named Nelson proclaimed a republic. Colborne, however, was well enough prepared: his troops captured Nelson with hardly any fighting, and the supposed leader of the rebellion, Papineau, fled ignominiously over the border. A few villages west of Montreal also took up arms, but they were crushed in December, when some 70 of them were killed by Colborne's troops.

Meanwhile, in Upper Canada, a band of rebellious farmers, headed by Mackenzie, threatened Toronto for two days, but they forfeited their only advantage – surprise – and were dispersed in half an hour once a Loyalist force was raised. Mackenzie and some other radicals fled to the United States.

The rebellions ended within weeks, but Britain's Whig government wisely decided to examine the situation which had provoked them. The Earl of Durham was sent to North America to investigate. He was known as "Radical Jack" for his part in passing the 1832 Reform Bill which vastly extended the vote, Durham embraced a way of life that hardly matched his democratic inclinations. He once confided to an acquaintance that he could "jog along" on £40,000 a year, and he took so much luggage to Canada – including the family plate and a supply of magnificent uniforms – that it took two whole days to get it ashore.

He was, however, a thorough and sensitive student of peoples and government. The report he laid before Parliament nine months later has been called "the greatest state document in British Imperial history." It has also been referred to as the "Magna Carta of the Second British Empire," because it outlined a new kind of relationship between Britain and her colonies, one that hopefully would avoid the sort of problem that led to the American Revolution.

Durham immediately perceived the root of Lower Canada's problem. "I expected to find a contest between a government and a people," he wrote. "I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state: I found a struggle, not of principles but of races." As to which side was in the right, the Earl was not unbiased; he was, after all, an Englishman and he concluded: "The superior political and practical intelligence of the English cannot be . . . disputed."

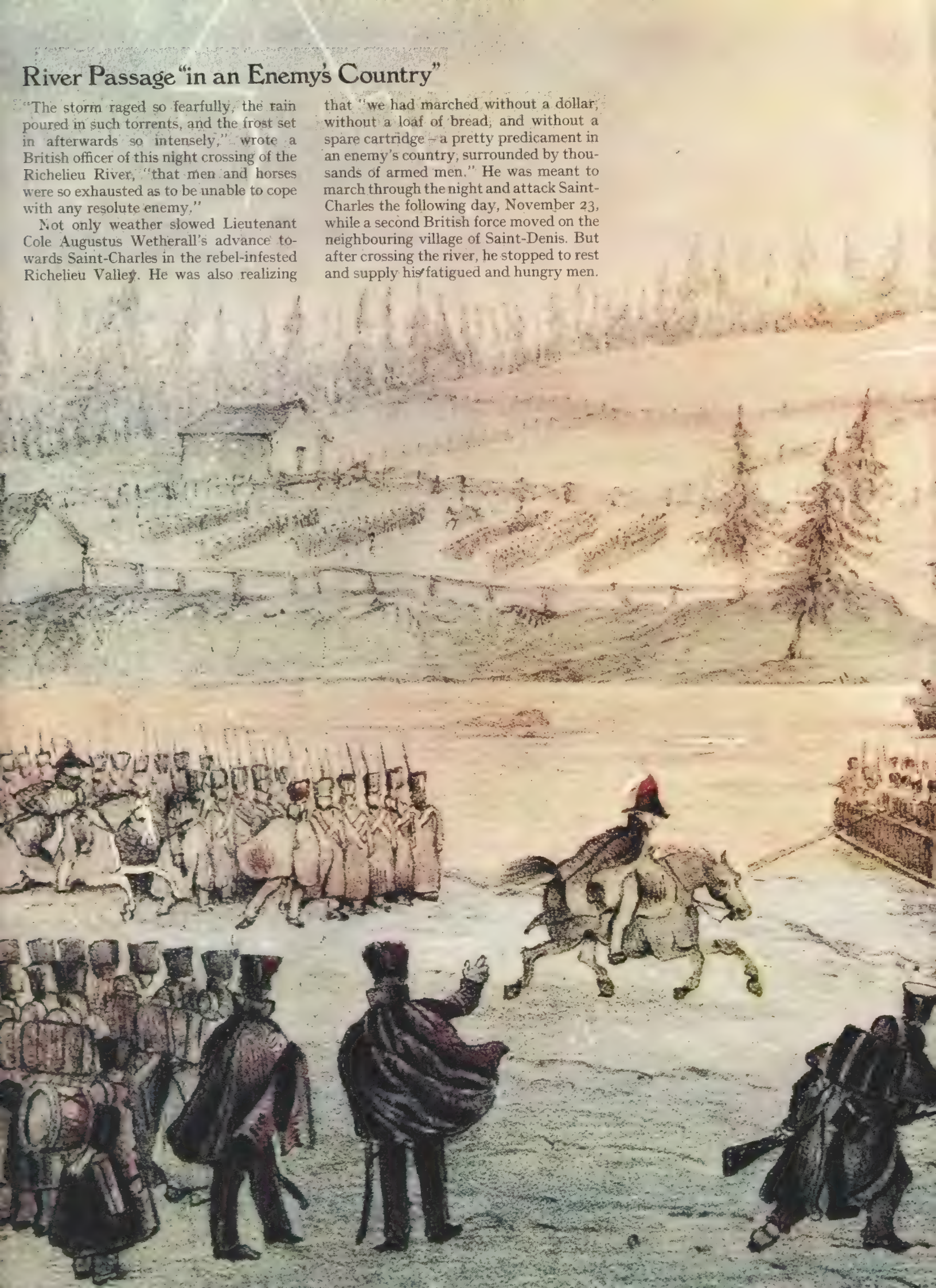
NO QUARTER FOR REBELLION

It was an embarrassing way for Empire to mark Victoria's first year on the throne: in a vast, rapidly developing colony, British troops furiously crushed revolt by cannonading dissident British subjects in the Church of Saint-Eustache near Montreal (above). The rebellion in Lower Canada, headed by Louis-Joseph Papineau, might even have become another American Revolution. It rose from the frustrations of the French-Canadian Patriotes, and under different leadership they could have found support from the English-speaking radicals of Toronto who rebelled at the same time. But Papineau and his lieutenants fled ignominiously to the U.S. soon after violence started in mid-November. He left his supporters to face the crushing reprisals of the campaign, shown on the following pages in contemporary sketches by a British officer.

River Passage "in an Enemy's Country"

"The storm raged so fearfully, the rain poured in such torrents, and the frost set in afterwards so intensely," wrote a British officer of this night crossing of the Richelieu River, "that men and horses were so exhausted as to be unable to cope with any resolute enemy."

Not only weather slowed Lieutenant Cole Augustus Wetherall's advance towards Saint-Charles in the rebel-infested Richelieu Valley. He was also realizing that "we had marched without a dollar, without a loaf of bread, and without a spare cartridge – a pretty predicament in an enemy's country, surrounded by thousands of armed men." He was meant to march through the night and attack Saint-Charles the following day, November 23, while a second British force moved on the neighbouring village of Saint-Denis. But after crossing the river, he stopped to rest and supply his fatigued and hungry men.



At Saint-Charles, the insurgents' defence collapsed into flight in less than half an hour. "I could order nothing but a retreat," said Thomas Brown the commander. "Even without it, the people commenced retiring."

Rebels destroyed this bridge on the road to Saint-Charles, but Patriote riflemen, posted to prevent its reconstruction, ran away as the British army approached.

Slow Progress to Quick Victory

The day after crossing the Richelieu, Lieutenant Wetherall halted his march once again when he learned that the rebels of Saint-Denis had thrown back the British unit coming from the north in a hot, five-hour battle. He sent for more troops. It was November 25 before the Loyalists, now 300-strong, reached Saint-Charles.

Wetherall need not have been so cautious. A journalist with no military experience, Thomas Brown (one of the few British Patriotes), had taken command after local leaders fled. He had fewer than 200 men, "two small rusty fieldpieces useless as two logs," and "flint-locks in all conditions of dilapidation, some tied together with string." None the less, three soldiers were killed and 18 wounded while taking the town. Patriotes said 42 of their men died. Brown escaped to the U.S., where he stayed until the amnesty of 1844. The action finished the rebellion in the Richelieu region – but it was already burning elsewhere.

British troops and volunteers, waiting for reinforcements, bivouacked at Saint-Hilaire for two nights. Even given all this time, the rebels failed to complete their defensive works.

Blood and Fire Beneath the Steeple

The rebels who seized Saint-Eustache in late November, did little to prepare for attack, inevitable once the Richelieu campaign was completed. There were courageous men among them, but their chief aim, said a French Canadian, was "to steal, drink, eat, dance, and quarrel."

On December 14, Sir John Colborne, British commander in Canada, arrived with an army capable of crushing several rebellions: 2,000 cavalry and foot, eight cannon, provision and ammunition trains. The insurrectionists, numbering less than 1,000, many armed only with sticks and stones, occupied the church and nearby buildings. The rebel "General," Amury Girod, disposed his men and then rode pell-mell out of town, only to kill himself later when nearly captured.

A physician, John Chénier, rallied the rebels, who kept up a brisk defensive fire while artillery hammered the church. When soldiers set the buildings ablaze, Patriotes leapt from windows, some still shooting. Others – including Chénier – were shot; in all, more than 70 were killed. Rebellion was dead, although French-Canadian resentment lived on.

III. A Painful Loosening of Old Bonds

Durham recommended, in effect, that Canada's French population should be submerged in a sea of Britons and thus eventually Anglicized. His first thought was for a federal union of all the provinces, but realizing this was perhaps too visionary, he plumped for the unification of Upper and Lower Canada as a start. This part of his report, which pleased the businessmen of Montreal, was promptly implemented. The new Province of Canada came into being in 1841.

Unification of the French and English Canadas into one province was only half of Lord Durham's prescribed remedy for the ills of British North America. His report embodied another major recommendation as well, but neither Canadian conservatives nor the government at home much liked it.

It called for *responsible* government in the colonies. Though the system operating in the provinces on the surface looked like a copy of Britain's own governmental structure, Durham instantly recognized that the analogy was false. The ultimate power in Great Britain lay with Parliament. But the governments in Canada were in reality appointed by and answerable to the British government, not to the elected representatives of the Canadian colonists.

This was the cause of the frustration that led to the rebellions. The Reformers could win majorities in their provincial assemblies and still not be able to control state affairs. Durham's scheme, which had long been advocated by Canada's radicals, was for a truly Parliamentary-style system, wherein the executive was responsible to the elected assembly. It would be, in domestic matters at least, self-government.

This, said Durham, would deal with the causes of the rebellions, which he described as "foolishly contrived and ill-conducted." Most of the effort, he pointed out, had gone into attempted reforms through constitutional methods, until "a few unprincipled adventurers and heated enthusiasts" had provoked violence. The constitutional changes he recommended would ensure against the continuance of unrest in the future.

Neither provincial Tories, who knew themselves to be outnumbered by Reformers, nor the British government – which said there was no point in having colonies if you did not rule them – were attracted to the idea. It was rejected.

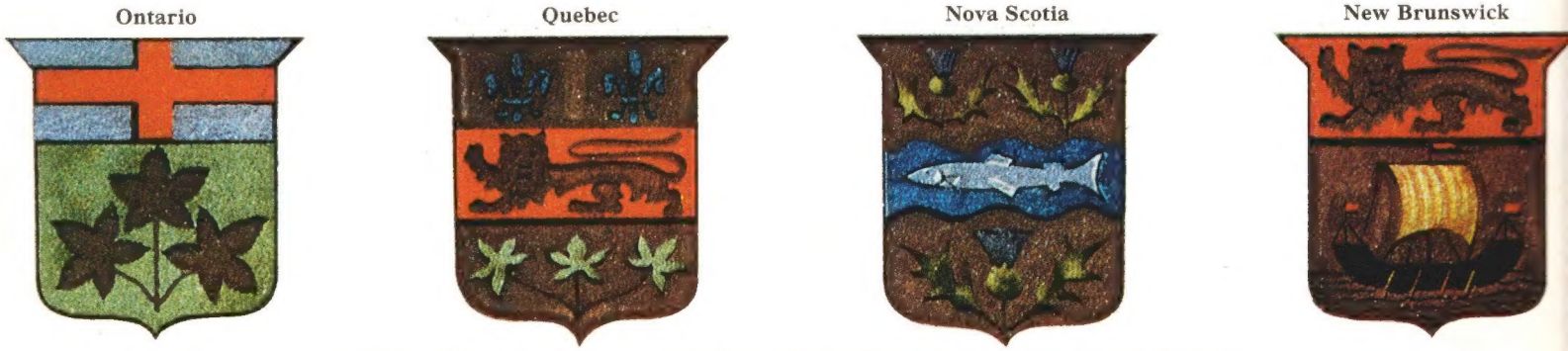
Economics can command what politics will not countenance. Over the next decade the powerful captains of Britain's Industrial Revolution, who viewed colonial obligations as an encumbrance to commerce, moved the country nearer and nearer to the free trade envisioned almost a century earlier by men like Adam Smith. The last vestiges of support for the old Mercantilist system dwindled and disappeared. The Corn Law, which gave Canadian grain an advantage on British markets, was repealed in 1846. The Navigation Acts themselves, already amended out of all recognition to when they had been the basic framework for Mercantilism, finally went in 1849.

With the end of an economic rationalization for the Old Colonial System came the end of support for the system itself. If there was no commercial advantage to be had from Empire, why pay for running it? A new Whig government, headed by the same Lord John Russell who had rebuked colonial Reformers a decade earlier, decided to implement Durham's plan for responsible self-government in North America after all. In a sense, Britain was declaring herself independent from her colonies.

Canadian Tories liked it not at all. In 1847, elections returned Reform majorities in both the province of Canada and Nova Scotia. The reality of what had happened struck the old guard like a thunderbolt in 1849, when the Canadian legislature passed a law that compensated rebels as well as loyalists for their losses during the rebellions. The Tories believed that this, surely, the Governor would veto, despite the new system of responsible government. He did not.

On the night the Governor, Lord Elgin, approved the bill a Conservative mob ran wild through the streets of Montreal and burned the Parliament buildings. Confusion and anger held sway throughout the year as British North America adjusted to the realization that it had been set adrift from Great Britain, politically as well as economically, and now had to find its own identity, one that would satisfy a majority of its own people. Panic provoked some strange reactions. In the autumn of 1849, a thousand Conservative Montreal businessmen signed a manifesto urging union with the United States; a decade earlier it had been the radicals who looked south of the border for succour.

For most Canadians, this was not the solution. It was their land and they would accept responsibility for it. They would solve their own problems. It is interesting that the most unyielding of those problems, one for which Canada has yet to find an answer, was the very one which Lord Durham and the British government thought they eliminated with the unification of the Upper and Lower provinces. French Canadians stubbornly refused to be submerged. They have successfully resisted Anglicization to this very day, when they speak of establishing their own, separate state – *Québec libre* – as convincingly as ever they have in the course of two centuries.



Echoes of England, France, Scotland and the sea linger on in Canada's coats of arms.

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Seaside dress, 1887